Close Neighbours by BillysHardgrove

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: M/M
Language: English
Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington
Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-02-20
Updated: 2018-02-20
Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:09:33
Rating: Not Rated
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 2
Words: 2,997
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Steve gets dressed in front of his window. His neighbour likes to watch.

1. Showtime

Steve was standing in his bathroom, his cock pressed hot and heavy onto his belly, captured by the soft pink lace of his panties.

He knew his neighbour was home, he had seen the blue Camaro out front when he got home and his dick had twitched when he had thought about what he was planning to do tonight.

He took a deep breath and opened up the door.

.

They had been building up to this for weeks.

At first, it was an accident, Steve had hastily gotten changed in front of his window, dark red lacy panties on display as he had bent over to pick something up off the floor. He had blushed furiously when he had caught his neighbours' gaze, eyeing him appreciatively. He quickly grabbed a blanket from his bed to cover himself up, but when the blond guy had winked at him, it had stirred something inside of Steve. It had felt good to be desired like that and Steve had given him a coy smile before quickly shutting the curtains.

After that Steve started to leave them open when he got home, he wanted this. He wanted the blonde guy's eyes to rake over his body as he stepped out of jeans. He loved the way he would wet his lips when Steve would slowly expose his milky thighs. He had started wearing stockings almost every day now, because his neighbour seemed to like those especially.

Yesterday, Steve had taken it a step further.

He been on edge all day, snapping at the kids in his class.

It had been a while since he had gotten laid and he couldn't stop thinking about the cocky guy next door with the body of a demigod.

He had already been sporting a half chub when he stepped out of his car and he was rock hard by the time he reached his bedroom. His cock was straining against the material of his panties. Steve had

looked his neighbour straight in the eye and held his breath in anticipation as he pulled down his pants, agonisingly slow over his hips.

Billy's eyes had widened, dark in his arousal when he saw Steve's erection, clearly outlined against his groin. Steve had smirked and just before he turned around, he saw the other man reach down a big hand to palm himself though his jeans. Steve had shuddered, fuck, he loved this. He loved being admired in his pretty little panties. He had felt beautiful and he had been so fucking turned on.

So today Steve decided to just go for it. The blond man was obviously enjoying his little shows so far and Steve was still horny as hell, so decided to put on a real show. He had put on his favourite pair of panties, pink lace with pretty little bows and paired them with matching pink stockings, held up with a black garter belt.

He looked fucking sexy as he emerged from the bathroom.

He didn't dare to look out the window to make sure Billy was there. If he chanced a look, Steve was sure he would chicken out, so he kept his eyes looking straight ahead as he sauntered towards his bed, hips swaying. He propped a pillow up against the headboard and made himself comfortable.

Steve hadn't looked to check if Billy was there, staring out of his window like he always did, but he could feel his eyes on him. He felt them burn on his body and he closed his eyes as his hand dipped beneath the see-through fabric of his panties.

He slowly started stroking his hard cock.

If his hot neighbour wanted to look at him, he was gonna give him something good to look at.4

Steve licked his lips as he imagined how Billy was staring at him with hungry look in his eyes. He imagined him, almost pressed up against the window, fogging up the glass as he was breathing heavily.

Steve squeezed the base of his cock, before picking up the pace. He put one of his fingers in his mouth and let his tongue swirl around it

obscenely, imagining how his neighbour would be palming himself. Had he taken his cock out? Was he jerking off as well? Steve didn't dare to look.

He took his finger out of his mouth and he let it circle his nipple. He made sure to convey in the jolt of arousal that the motion caused in his facial expression. He knew he looked absolutely filthy, his mouth slack and his eyes screwed shut, while his other hand was pumping his cock.

He reached down underneath his balls and circled his wet finger around his asshole before pushing into the tight ring of muscle.

He couldn't help the moans that fell from his lips as he pushed in deeper and deeper. He knew the blond guy couldn't hear him, but Steve trusted he was enjoying the show either way. He knew he looked hot. After all, he had done this exact same thing in front of a mirror more than once. He always marvelled at the way his cock would blush a deep red, at the way it would glisten as he slicked it up with precum, at the way the pretty lace would still be stretched over the base of it. Yeah, he definitely looked hot.

Steve was thrusting his finger into his hole now, setting a fast pace as he searched for his prostate. He found it easily and his entire body jolted at the sensation of pleasure that washed over him.

Fuck, it felt so good. He arched his back slightly as he kept prodding into his prostate. His fist was working fast, stroking furiously over the length of his cock, twisting slightly over his head with each pump.

Steve lasted only a few minutes, before he knew he was getting close. The sensation of his neighbour's eyes boring into him combined with his intense pace was too much for him.

He felt heat building up low in his belly and his toes dug into his bed. He pushed his finger in impossibly deep, driving into that bundle of nerves so fucking good as he kept pumping his cock.

He imagined his the guy next door, panting in front of his window, forehead leaning against the glass as he fucked his thick cock into his hand.

It was that image that sent Steve over the edge. His entire body felt on fire as his orgasm hit him hard, every muscle straining. His back arched off his bed, giving his audience a good view of his cock as he shot thick ropes of cum all over his chest.

Steve moaned loudly, stroking himself through his orgasm, until the last drops of cum trickled down over his shaft and got smudged into the pink lace.

Steve opened his eyes, still panting heavily as he looked up at the ceiling. He suddenly felt self-conscience about the whole thing and he didn't dare to move for a good minute.

He swallowed and released a shuddering breath, before he slowly turned his head to peek out through his window.

Steve's eyes widened in panic for a moment when he saw that his neighbours' window was empty, but then he took a closer look. Smudged on the glass was a greasy handprint and below that, Steve could clearly make out a white smear that could only be Billy's cum dripping down the glass.

Steve grinned, feeling immensely pleased with himself as he fell back into his pillow.

Notes for the Chapter:

@billys-hard-grove on tumblr

2. Schooltime

Steve smiled politely at Lucas' parents, waving awkwardly as they left his classroom. He sighed and rolled his shoulders, hoping to relieve some of the tension there.

He loved his job, but he could care less about the parent-teacher conferences he had to have every year. All parents wanted to hear was how great their kid was and even though Steve agreed with them most of the time, it was exhausting.

Today was even worse than usual. He couldn't stop thinking about last night. He knew his neighbour had been watching -and enjoying- his little show and he couldn't wait for a repeat. He was thinking that maybe tonight he could stand in front his window, on full display while he gazed into blue eyes and fucked his fist.

Steve shifted in his seat, just thinking about it made him hot. He felt his cock twitch against the soft fabric of his panties and groaned. Fuck, he needed to get home.

He ran a tired hand through his hair and glanced at the clock above the door. 8 pm. He only had one appointment left before he could go home and it should be a quick one; Max was doing great in his class.

He was digging up her homework from the cabinet behind his desk when he heard a light knock on his door.

'It's open!' He called out. He finally found Max's work at the bottom of his pile and turned around in his chair, ready to greet the last set of parents of parents.

Steve's smile froze on his face when he spotted a familiar man leaning against the doorpost of his classroom, looking thoroughly amused.

'Mr. Harrington, I assume? Max's English teacher?'

'You-' Steve stammered and he sounded almost accusatory when he said: 'You're Max's father?'

‘Brother actually,’ his neighbour smiled sweetly. ‘Her parents couldn’t make it. The name’s Billy.’

‘Billy,’ he repeated and goddamn, he sounded like an idiot! He cleared his throat and sat up straighter in his chair while he willed his blush to go away. ‘Have a seat, Billy.’

‘Thank you, sir.’

‘You, uh, you can call me Steve.’

‘Well, *Steve*, how’s the little squirt doing in class?’ Billy planted his elbows on his desk and leaned forward, resting his chin on top of his folded hands.

‘Uhm… Right. Max. Of course.’ Steve let out a shaky breath, trying to get himself together. ‘Yes, she’s doing well.’

‘Good, although I hope she’s not… *showing off*.’ Billy raised an eyebrow. ‘I know she’s not exactly shy.’

Steve’s eyes widened and his cheeks became impossible red, but Billy caught a glint of excitement in his eyes, so he leaned a bit closer and continued.

‘She really flaunts her grades sometimes, you know, makes a real spectacle of her outstanding… performance.’

A smile was tugging at Steve’s lips and he was leaning over his desk as well, their faces inches apart.

‘Yeah well, maybe she should be showing off. She works very… hard?’ Steve winced a bit at his response, but Billy seemed very amused nonetheless.

‘Bit of a weak innuendo, pretty boy.’

‘Yeah well… I just saw a *window* of opportunity and took my chances,’ Steve retorted, making Billy snort.

The humorous expression on his face didn’t linger for long, as he took in Steve. He thought about yesterday evening, when his pretty

neighbour had laid himself out for Billy. He had never gotten that hard, that quickly than when he watched Steve jerk off in pretty lingerie. He had looked so beautiful, pale thighs spreading wide as he shamelessly played with his asshole. Billy could feel himself filling up just thinking about it.

'So, *sir,* what are you hiding under these slacks?' The playful tone was gone from his voice and he eyed Steve hungrily.

'Why don't you find out?' Steve didn't miss a beat as he lifted an eyebrow, daring Billy to make a move. The smug look was quickly wiped off his face when he was yanked up by the front of his shirt and Billy's lips crashed against his. The kiss was rough and needy. Billy practically pulled him over his desk, while Steve scrambled to put his knees op top of it.

Billy's hands were searching, sliding down his back to dip below the waistband of his pants. Steve felt his rough fingers ghost over the soft material of his panties and whimpered into Billy's mouth.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, he registered the fact that they were in his classroom, on a night where both parents and teachers could come wandering in at any time. But if anything, it made everything so much better.

Billy leaned back a bit to look at Steve as he brought his fingers to the front and started to unbutton Steve's pants. His hands were gentle all of the sudden and he held his breath in anticipation as he pulled down the zipper.

A small square of black lace became visible and Billy licked his lips as he stared at it.

'Fuck,' Billy's voice was husky all of the sudden. 'You're wearing that for me?'

Steve nodded, unable to form words as arousal clouded his brain.

Billy yanked his pants down to his knees and let out a whimper when he saw Steve's panties, black lace stretched over pale hips and over a tiny triangle of red silk that barely covered his erection.

Steve smiled seductively, feeling confident and beautiful under Billy's gaze. He slowly pulled off his shirt, enjoying the way Billy was watching his movements, before he tangled a hand in his neighbour's hair and guided him forward.

Billy moaned softly when his nose grazed the delicate material and he inhaled the musky scent. He grabbed Steve's ass with both hands and pulled him even closer, pressing his face into his crotch. He opened his mouth to press his tongue underneath Steve's balls through the delicate material, revelling in the way it made Steve gasp.

'You drive me crazy, pretty boy,' Billy was breathing heavily. 'Strutting around so shamelessly in front of that window- where everyone can see…'

Billy licked over his shaft and Steve whimpered at the sensation. His grip on Billy's head tightened as he struggled to keep upright on his knees.

'…Makes me wanna do all kinds of filthy things.' Billy looked up at Steve through his lashes, silently asking for permission.

'Do it, big guy,' Steve whispered. The words had barely left his mouth before Billy swung his legs from underneath him and he was lying on his back on his desk. Rough hands yanked off his shoes and slacks, revealing his knee-high black stockings.

Billy groaned at the sight, running his hands over Steve's calves before lifting his knees up. He made quick work of his own clothes and gave his cock a few tugs before pushing aside the lace that covered Steve's puckering hole. Billy grinned when he saw the gleam of lube surrounding it.

'You always this prepared for parent-teacher meetings?' Billy smirked, but his eyes were dark as he pushed a thick finger past the tight ring of muscles.

Steve groaned at the sensation, but he adjusted quickly when Billy started to roughly pump his finger into him.

‘I had plans for tonight actually,’ Steve managed between heavy breaths. ‘But it turns out my neighbour couldn’t wait that long.’

Billy snorted, curling his finger until he found the spot that had Steve moaning his name.

‘Yeah, I don’t hear you complaining.’ He pulled out his finger and pulled Steve closer to him, his ass digging into the edge of the desk. ‘Now let me see that pretty cock of yours up close.’ Billy carefully pushed down the lace, revealing Steve’s thick length, achingly hard against his belly. Billy grabbed it and stroked it a couple of times while he dragged the panties over Steve’s legs.

As soon as they were gone, he wasted no time in spreading Steve’s thighs and aligning his cock to his hole.

Steve bit his lip as Billy pushed in, getting used to the burn. He carefully wrapped his legs around Billy’s back, digging his heels into him as a signal for the other boy to start moving.

And Billy did, he thrusted into Steve hard and fast, fucking him into the desk at a punishing pace.

Steve had completely forgot where he was and who could hear. A string of curses and Billy’s name left his lips, urging him to go faster as he begged him for more, more, *more.*

He *screamed* when Billy’s cock hit his prostate, arching his back off the desk. It was so fucking good and Steve knew he wasn’t going to last long if Billy kept pounding into him like this.

‘Billy- I- fuuuck, Billy, I’m gonna,’ Steve was babbling when he felt the familiar heat tighten in his belly.

Billy reached out and cupped Steve’s flushed cheeks with his palm in a surprisingly sweet gesture. Steve leaned his head into the touch and a high-pitched moan fell from his lips as he looked up at Billy.

‘Fuck- do it. Cum for me, baby.’ Billy panted as he kept driving into him, watching Steve fall apart untouched underneath him. Steve’s eyes rolled to the back of his head as his orgasm hit him. Thick ropes of cum shot onto his shirt and the noises he made were fucking

incredible, whining, moaning and gasping for air as he rode out his orgasm.

Steve's moans turned into soft whimpers as he came down from his high. His eyes slowly focussed back on Billy.

'So fucking beautiful,' Billy muttered, thumb sliding over Steve's lips.

Steve smiled and bit down lightly on Billy's thumb before sucking it in his mouth. He swirled his tongue around it, drawing a guttural moan from Billy.

It didn't take long for Billy's thrusts to become erratic, slamming into Steve a couple of times more before he was coming. His entire body tensed up as he emptied himself buried deep inside of Steve.

He groaned deeply as he collapsed on top of him, burying his face in Steve's neck. They stayed there, tangled into each other on Steve's desk for what felt like hours before Billy pushed himself up to look at Steve.

'So? Your place or mine, tonight?' Billy grinned and when Steve smiled back at him, his stomach fluttered.

Notes for the Chapter:

@billys-hard-grove on tumblr